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THE NEW ENGLAND

MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPY.

OFFICE AT J. M. CURNER'S STORE.

Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 28, 1866.

MIDDLEBURY

Female Seminary.

The Spring Quarter will commence Monday,

February 20th, 1866.

The Summer " " Monday, April 16th, "

The Fall " " Monday, Sept. 2d, "

The Winter " " Nov. 12th, "

The arrangements for leaving the MIDDLEBURY

FEMALE SEMINARY having failed, it will become

thruout the present Principal and Faculty

and no effort shall be wanting to make the course

of instruction thorough, and the boarding as good

as can be found in any similar institution. In our

family, we propose to give every inmate a plain

and Christian home.

H. F. LEAVITT.

MANHATTAN

LIFE INSURANCE COMPY.

OFFICE OF J. W. STEWART.

C. G. STEELE, AGENT.

Middlebury, Jan. 28, 1866.

IRA W. CLARK,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law

and

Solicitor in Chancery.

Also, Agent for the National Life

Insurance Company.

Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 28th, a. m., 1866.

W. M. BASS, M. D.,

Offers his Professional Services to his old friends

and the people of Middlebury and vicinity.

He may be found at his residence

on Court Street, 3d door

South of the Court

House.

Middlebury, August 21st, 1865.

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Office in Brewster's Block, over

Express Office.

J. H. SIMMONS & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,

Magnifying Glasses, Pictures, and

Picture Frames.

RENEWAL'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

J. H. SIMMONS. A. S. TRACT.

W. P. RUSSELL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Office over my Drug Store, Entrance

Middle Door.

Brewster's Block

H. KINGSLEY,

DENTIST,

MIDDLEBURY.

OFFICE, Brewster's Block,

Up Stairs.

STEWART & FOOTE,

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

J. W. STEWART. H. S. FOOTE.

E. R. WRIGHT

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

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Middlebury, Vt.

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Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon

Office, under Masonic Hall,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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THOMAS H. MCLEOD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Solicitor in Chancery.

Office at the late Judge Seymour's,

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A. P. TUPPER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

EAST MIDDLEBURY V

H. W. BREWSTER,

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and

FANCY GOODS.

In Copeland's Bookstore, Middlebury, Vt.

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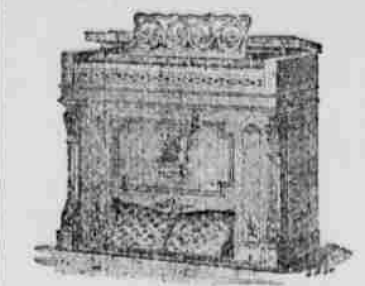
the best manner, and warranted. Terms mod-

erate.

J. S. BUSHNELL,

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S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.



The most perfect and beautiful musical instru-
ment in the world.
Seventeen First Premiums over all competitors
at State Fairs during the month of October.
With a variety of established schools upon in-
finite merit, and without the aid of celebrated
names and paid testimonials, the American
Organ has taken the highest rank in the world.
Instruments, and are justly acknowledged to have
no superior.

The action of the public is called to the
attention of the large Pipe Organs, and in depth
and in the family circle, which with new patent
improvements, is adapted to all kinds of music,
particularly the connected organ style with its
melodious tones and harmonious and varied music,
so much desired in American homes.

The American Organ is constructed on the
principle of the large Pipe Organ, and in depth
and in the family circle, which with new patent
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POETRY. THE CHANGED CROSS.

As he did so he was startled by a
plaintive cry; and upon opening it, there
lay a lovely boy, apparently about three
months old.

Farmer Williams sprang to the door,
but the sleigh and its occupants were
nowhere to be seen.

In the mean time Mrs. Williams and
the children gathered around the basket
with exclamations of surprise and pleas-
ure. As the babe saw the sweet gentle
face that bent over it, it suddenly stopped
crying, and, smiling, stretched out its
little hands to her. The heart of the
bereaved mother yearned towards it, and
taking it up in her arms she pressed it
fondly to her bosom. Just then her hus-
band returned from his fruitless search.

"I declare, it's an imposition!" he ex-
claimed, stamping the snow from off his
boots. "But I won't submit to it. I'll
take it over to the town farm the very
first thing in the morning."

"I can't bear the idea of it going there,"
John said to his wife. "Just see what a
sweet babe it is!"

"I don't see but what it looks like
other babes," returned John, gruffly,
doing his best to steel his heart against
the little stranger, in which he only partly
succeeded, for, rough as was the farmer's
way, he had a kindly nature, if one could
only reach it. "Any way, the authorities
will have to take care of it. We can't
We've got more mouths to fill, now, than
we can find bread for."

Mrs. Williams' lip quivered as her
thoughts reverted to the little grave in the
church-yard. Ah, to her heart was one
too few!

"Dear John," she said, pleadingly,
"it seems as though God had sent this
babe to take the place of our own little
Willie, whom he has taken to himself.
Let me keep it. It will not fail to bring
a blessing, you may be sure."

Farmer Williams' countenance relaxed
as he looked into those tearful eyes.
"Well, well, Mary," he said, in a soft-
ened voice, "I'll think about it. If we
do, you and the children may have to go
without a good many things, for these
are hard times and likely to be harder.
So you had better weigh the matter well
before deciding."

Mrs. Williams did so; and the result
was that her "New-Year's Gift" became
a fixture in Red Stone Farmhouse. He
grew up a merry, winsome boy, twining
even around the farmer's rugged nature,
and taking in the heart of his adopted
mother the place of her lost dar-
ling, loved and cherished by her with
equal tenderness. Many sacrifices
did she make, many toilsome hours did
she spend, in order that her husband
might not feel the expense of his main-
tenance too heavily. And well did his
growing intelligence and beauty, and the
ardent affection he evinced for her, repay
her for it all. There was nothing about
him that could give the slightest clue to
his parentage. Simply a bit of white
paper pinned to his frock, on which were
these words, evidently written by a wom-
an, in a graceful but unsteady hand:

ARTHUR.
BORN AUGUST 23d, 1851.
I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN.
Farmer Williams made some inquiries
in the neighborhood, and learned that a
lady with an infant, accompanied by a
servant, had been stopping for a week
past at the village tavern; that she was
very beautiful but pale and sad, and kept
her room most of the time. But they
had disappeared as suddenly as they came.

It is just ten years from the time that
Mrs. Williams received her New-Year's
gift. Let us take another peep into the
kitchen of Red Stone Farmhouse. The
group is smaller now than then. The
farmer who nurtured ten years ago
that he had so many months to feed, has
now only one child left him—the little
flaxen-haired girl that is sitting beside
his knee. The rest are all sleeping in the
little churchyard. A heavy misfortune
has befallen him: the thirst for riches
has brought its usual curse. Possessed
with the mania for speculation, he mort-
gaged his farmhouse and all it contained.
The gilded bubble burst, and the down-
fall of the New-Year found him a ruined
and homeless man. This was the last
night that he and his family were to re-
main in the old homestead, that had been
in his family four generations, and was
linked to his heart by so many tender
memories. On the morrow they were to
go they hardly knew whither. It is true,
many of the old neighbors—kind, good,
souls—had offered him a temporary home,
but it was hard for that proud self-reliant
man to accept charity from any.

"What can we do?" they thought. "We
can't do anything but what we can do."
"The Lord will provide, John," said
his wife, lifting her sad, patient eyes to
his. "He has never forsaken us. Neither
will he ever forsake any who trust in
Him."

But the farmer lacked the Christian
resignation that made that gentle heart
such a haven of peace and love.

"Aye, that's what you've always said,"
he retorted, impatiently, "and you see
what we've come to. For my part, I
don't think the Lord troubles himself
much about us, any way!"

Mrs. Williams might have said that
he had brought his misfortune upon him-
self, but she wisely forbore. Just then
there came the sound of a quick, buoyant
step, and there burst into the room a
sturdy lad of about ten, his eyes bright,
and his cheeks glowing from the keen
frosty air.

"It's flitting cold, I tell you!" he ex-
claimed, baring his cap by fashion upon
the kitchen settle, and stepping up to the
kitchen fire. "Not but what I've been
warm as toast, all but my ears and fingers,"
he added, blowing upon the latter as he
spoke.

"Here is something for you, mother,"
he said, seating himself on a stool at her
feet, and tossing into her lap a shining
piece of gold.

"Wily, Arthur, where did you get this?"
"The strange gentleman down at the
tavern gave it to me, mother. He asked
me into his room, and gave me as many
nuts and raisins as I could eat, beside."

"I wonder who he is!" she said mus-
ingly.

"I can tell you," exclaimed her hus-
band, his eyes flashing angrily. "He is
the owner of the Red Stone Farmhouse! He
is the man who bid against me on the
few articles I wanted to reserve. 'The
curse of the homeless rests upon him!'"

"Nay, John," interposed his wife gen-
tly. "Perhaps he did not know how highly
you prized them."

"Yes, he did," Parson Woods stepped
up and told him. But he only smiled,
and said he wanted to buy everything just
as it stood."

"Well," said the boy, gazing thought-
fully into the fire, "I can't help pitying
him, he looked so sorrowful. He asked
lots of questions about you, mother, and
all the rest of us; and kept walking up
and down the room, wringing his hands
and groaning as if he was in great
trouble."

"I will buy you a new coat with this,
Arthur," said Mrs. Williams, as she ex-
amined the new gold coin. "You need
one badly enough," she added, glancing,
with a sigh, at his well-patched round-
abouts.

"You shall do nothing of the sort,
mother," said the generous-hearted boy.
"You shall buy yourself and sissey a nice
warm shawl!"

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there
was a quiet knock at the door. Farmer
Williams opened it. It was only a boy,
who brought a small parcel for Mrs. Wil-
liams.

"Another New-Year's gift, I suppose,"
he said bitterly, as he handed it to her,
for he was in a bitter mood. Mrs. Wil-
liams glanced reproachfully at her hus-
band.

"God grant that it may bring us as
much comfort," she said, laying her hand
fondly upon the head that was resting
against her knee.

As she opened it, she uttered an ex-
clamation of surprise. It was a deed of
Red Stone Farmhouse, made out in her
name! On the inside wrapper were these
words:

"Inasmuch as ye did unto the least of
these ye did unto me."

There were grateful and happy hearts
beneath the roof of the old homestead
that night. Though with Mrs. Williams'
joy there was mingled an uneasy feeling.
She was well assured that it was in some
way connected with Arthur, and trembled
with apprehension lest some one should
appear who had a stronger claim to him.

This fear was dissipated the next morn-
ing by a letter that came to her in the
first mail. It contained a check for five
thousand dollars, together with these
words:

"The boy that you so generously re-
ceived ten years ago, and have so tenderly
cherished since, will never, never be taken
from you. The mother forced to relinquish
the babe, dearer to her than life, is
now in heaven. The father, who so
basely forsok his child, and her he so
tenderly cherishes, is unworthy of so sacred
a trust. In the S— Bank you will
find the sum of twenty thousand dollars
deposited in the name of your adopted
son, of which he is to come into posses-
sion when legally of age; and the interest
of which is to be appropriated to his sup-
port and education during his minority."

To this singular letter there was natu-
ral date of signature. There were various
conjectures in regard to the stranger, who
had been in the village some days, and
from whom it was evi-ent this letter came,
as well as the package received the night
before.

But when Arthur recalled to mind the
look of sad, remorseful tenderness with
which he had regarded him, he felt that
most have been his father. Yet he often
said, as he looked into the face of his
adopted mother, that he wanted no dearer
friends than those he already had. And as
for Mrs. Williams, among all the bless-
ings that surrounded her, there was not
that brought a purer joy than he
whom she had taken to her heart when a
friendless babe, her New-Year's Gift.

A BIT OF SCANDAL.
CHARACTERS.—Mrs. Shaw.—Mrs. Prime.
Dorcas Borden.—Parson Stone.—A crowd
of men and women.

SCENE I.
[Mrs. Prime's kitchen. Mrs. Prime
paring apples at a table.]
Mrs. Shaw (entering in great haste).
Good morning, Mrs. Prime; I declare!
I'm envious to heat it, it's so warm and
sultry. But I thought I must come over,
rest or not. Have you heard of it?

should dare to put my confidence in no-
body again. It's completely upset me.
You hadn't got a little tea in your pot,
have you?

Mrs. P.—Land, yes! a plenty of it;
the kettle's boiling now, and I'll make you
a good strong cup. (Proceeds to do so.)

Mrs. S.—Well, I vum, Mrs. Prime, I
didn't mean to put you to all that trouble,
but I feel so overcome, and tea is a resto-
rative to me. And no wonder I'm weak!
it's terrible—a leading church-member
too! Oh, the heart is deceitful above all
things, and despit wicked.

Mrs. P.—You may well say that. It's
astonishing to see how some folks go on.
Good land! it makes me tremble in my
shoes to think on't. But you hadn't told
me about this 'ere new breakout, Mrs.
Shaw.

Mrs. S.—Well, you see, it's all about
Deacon Borden!
Mrs. P.—My soul and body! you don't
say the deacon's been and done anything.

Mrs. S.—Humph! I guess you'll think
so when you come to hear! I declare, I'd
about as soon expected our Isaac to have
been guilty of such a thing.

Mrs. P.—Well, I never! but your tea
is steeped now; just set it up and try it;
don't be afraid of the sugar because there
ain't but little; there is enough more in
the baled firkin.

Mrs. S. (tasting with great deliberation).
—This tea is nice—first-rate. What was
it a pound? Tea is awful dear now-
adays.

Mrs. P.—Dreadful! I give two dol-
lars a pound for this 'ere; I got it over
to Squire Lane's and paid for it in butter.
Butter's master high isn't it?

Mrs. S.—Yes it is; and folks had
otter be economical of it, and sell all
they can. I don't really think we've out
two ounces in our house for six weeks.
Sister Susan's Benny is humorous, and
butter is despit bad for humors.

Mrs. P.—So 'tis. But you hadn't told
me about the deacon.

Mrs. S.—No, to be sure; but I'm
a-going ter. I think it orter be told on,
and carried abroad to the ends of the
earth, on the four wings of heving. Only
think of the beautiful prayers and the
stirring exhortations that man's made; and
how he's talked to us about original sin—
and now he's bin and showed his original
sin right out.

Mrs. P.—Well, I never.
Mrs. S. (confidentially)—Now, Mrs.
Prime, jest between us, didn't it never
strike you that Mrs. Deacon Borden has
looked kinder despitatory and a mel-
ancholic like, for considerable of a spell
back along?

Mrs. P. (reflectively)—Well, yes, seems
to me I've noticed it; yes, I'm sure I
have, and spoke to Nehemiah about it,
and Nehemiah he dropped out of the house
as mad as a hornet. He's ails his head,
fully took with the deacon's folks, ever
since he bought the striped pig of the
deacon. And I must say it did the best
of any pig we ever had; weighed nigh
unto five hundred, with the fat sissenner
meat. Yes, Mrs. Shaw, I have noticed
that Mrs. Borden has bin rather down
lately, and she dressed a sight in green,
too; and green's forsaken, you know.

Mrs. S.—Humph! no wonder she's
dressed in green; cause enough for it, I
guess.

Mrs. P.—What! do you mean to say—
Mrs. S.—Yes, I do mean to say that
Deacon Borden is after another woman.

Mrs. P. (sinking back with uplifted
hands)—Well, I vum to goodness!
Mrs. S.—Yes, and what's more, it's a
young gal.

Mrs. P.—Was and was, and more of
it. I declare, if it was anybody else told
me but you, I should mislout it.

Mrs. S.—There, that's just what I said
to sister Susan. But I seed it with my
own eyes.

Mrs. P.—Marey! you don't say so?
Mrs. S.—Yes, and I blush to think
on't. You are sure that art no men
folks round here to hear me tell on't,
hain't you? I should sink to hev any
man know that I ever witnessed such a
scandalous performance.

Mrs. P.—No, that hain't a soul; Ne-
hemiah's moving